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NOVEMBER, 1951

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Thanks For New Opportunities

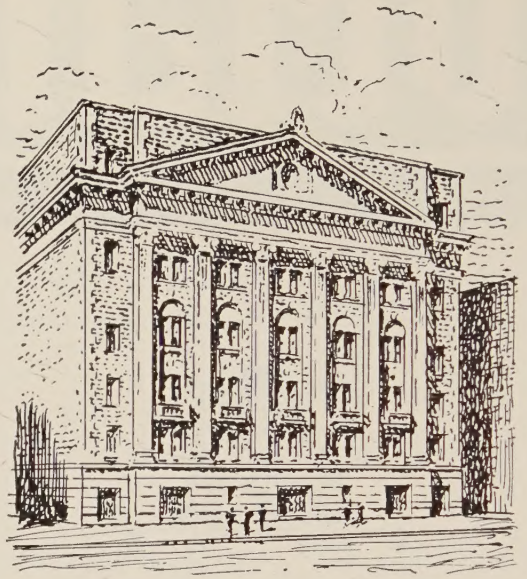
Master divine,
We thank Thee for all new blessings,
For this new day
With its new opportunities of service for Thee and
communion with Thee.

We thank Thee for landmarks passed
And new vistas opening ahead;
For new hope and new inspiration,
New national awakening, and new desire to serve our
time and our country.

We thank Thee that, to those who love Thee,
The best is ever yet to be:
That, if we abide in Thee, we can never grow old,
For Thou, our Master, art eternally young,
Eternally radiant with the joyful energy, the freshness
and buoyancy of youth.

We thank Thee for the sacred elixir of Thy Spirit,
Which wardeth forever from those who love Thee
All weariness of soul, all carking anxiety,
All discouragement in failure,
All old age of the soul.

From Prayers for Use in an Indian College
(Poems for Special Days and Occasions
compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

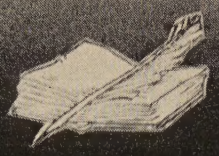
Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXVIII *November, 1951* *Number 8*

OPENING
TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4TH–7:00 p.m.

Music by United States Steel Company Chorus
beginning at 6:30

* * *

NINETEENTH SEASON

Dr. Bradley's
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures

* * *

November 7—"The Anatomy of Happiness," Martin Gumpert, M.D.
November 14—"Light From Many Lamps," selected by Lillian Eichler Watson
November 21—"April Snow," Lillian Budd
November 28—"Thirty Years With G. B. S.," Blanche Patch

One hour lecture, 8:00 p.m. sharp
Every Wednesday
The Peoples Church Auditorium
Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

* * *

COMMUNITY THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Thanksgiving Morning, November 22nd, 11:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon

The Country Church of the City (Granville Avenue Methodist), Mr. Benjamin W. Will, Pastor, will unite with us in this service, as will also the North Shore Kiwanis and the Uptown Lions Club and other civic organizations of the city. Rev. Mr. Will will assist in the service, which will be broadcast by WJJD direct from the pulpit of the church.

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

OF THE many places I visit during my travels I especially look forward to my visit to Ireland. It is the one place I never leave out of my European itinerary. When I sailed away from Liverpool late one July night on the *H.M.S. Ulster Prince,* I knew interesting and pleasant days were ahead.

After a rough voyage, with fog and high seas, our boat came alongside the pier at Belfast in the late morning. The coast of Ireland was enshrouded in a light fog. The exquisite greenness of the fields and hills, as we entered the channel, were a joy to behold. Nearer to the city were the busy shipyards. As the boat slowly was warped up to the dock I saw standing there my friends the Rev. Dr. Arthur Agnew and Mr. William J. Donaldson, a member of his church. It was good to see them again. They are always the first to greet me when I arrive in Ireland and the last to say goodbye.

I was soon comfortably settled in the Grand Central Hotel which was my headquarters during my Irish visit. I was to be in Ireland about a week and wanted to improve every moment of the time. I have never met more hospitable and kindly people anywhere, and during the many times when I have visited Ireland the friendships have become the most significant in my life.

* * *

If anyone from Ulster reads these lines, they will know what the "Twelfth of July" means in the City of Belfast. I was there on "the twelfth" this year and saw them celebrating the 261st Anniversary of that victorious day when King William crossed the Boyne River. I know of nothing quite like it anywhere in the world. I stood in front of the Grand Central Hotel in Belfast and watched the parade for two and a half hours.

Every Orangeman in all of Ulster who could possibly be in the parade was there. The officers led, seated in old-fashioned carriages drawn by the most beautiful horses I have ever seen. Each lodge then followed, preceded by a banner carried by two men, with steadying ropes carried by boys. All the marchers wore yellow colors round their shoulders. Even though there was a slight rain it did not dampen the enthusiasm of the participants. The banner that preceded each lodge bore the likeness of some defender of the religious and civil freedom of the people. Most had well-known phrases like "No Surrender" prominently displayed. There were many bands of all kinds, the most spectacular being the several dressed in the traditional Scottish costumes.

At 11:30 we went to All Souls Church where we met some church officials and held a brief fellowship with them.

That afternoon Dr. Agnew and his wife Isobel drove me out to Dunmurry, a suburb of Belfast, to the Manse of our Dunmurry Church, where lives the Rev. John McCleery, his wife Doris, and his two beautiful children. Mrs. Agnew's sister completes this happy family.

That afternoon I enjoyed one of the most interesting automobile trips I have ever made. We went by little-traveled highways through the incomparable countryside, past quaint Irish homes, whitewashed and with thatched roofs, winding narrow roads, until we

reached Ballycastle, where we had a lunch of delicious smoked salmon and the main course was lamb. Then up the Antrim coast road to Cushendal, Cushendun and finally to Ballintoy, where we could look across twelve miles and see the coast of Scotland.

No one could describe fully the beauty of this coast. There was no sunshine; mist and fog hung over the mountains. The road climbed its way along the crags until we dropped down to Ballintoy where we had tea in a charming thatched cottage of a fisherman. I never had a more interesting, picturesque ride and never more delicious tea.

We came back through Ballymena and the Antrim road into Belfast, arriving at my hotel at nearly midnight. Belfast seemed quite deserted; such a contrast to all the crowds which I left in the morning.

I have never seen more rugged and beautiful scenery than the rocky coast of Ireland. It can never be forgotten by those who have once seen it. Great jagged rocks extending out into the sea. From Ballintoy we could see several ships working their way into the Irish sea from the Atlantic. It was my first visit to Ballintoy but it will not be my last.

* * *

The day after the great anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, Dr. Agnew and Rev. John McCleery and I drove down to Scarva to see the historical pageant which has been held there every year for over 200 years, commemorating the Battle of the Boyne. It is a lovely ride to Scarva. We stopped at a little village on the way for tea and arrived there at about one in the afternoon.

Scarva is a little village, typically old and typically Irish. We had to leave the car on the outskirts and walk fully a mile to the village, through the narrow streets, up to the castle, down a tree-lined driveway to the battlefield. There were thousands of people there.

Arriving at the castle grounds we found a spot, spread down our coats, sat down and rested. It was about 2:30 in the afternoon. John went and brought back some tea and strawberries which were most acceptable. About three o'clock the pageant began. A chap carrying a green flag, King James, another carrying a red flag, King William, both mounted on prancing horses, with their aides, followed by about fifty men each carrying a gun, came out of the castle yards. The guns were already being fired. One went down one side of the field, another one the other. They turned toward each other and met, aimed and fired. Obviously only blank ammunition was being used. They withdrew and did the same thing over a few hundred feet up the hillside. They withdrew and fought again. This was to give the many thousands who had gathered a better view of the mock battle. The Chairman, from the platform erected on the lorry quite near us said, "Clear the space in front of the lorry so our visitors can see the final battle." This was done and the battle proceeded. It was a most unconvincing battle and almost absurd. It could be made an effective pageant, for the historical material is there. Several thousands of people were present. They cheered lustily when the green flag was shot to tatters and fell to the ground. The sentiment of nearly 300 years seemed as alive as when the event first took place.

We drove down to Warren's Point after the battle, where we took a little boat across to O'Meathe in the Free State, a little place filled with shops selling everything cheaply for there was no purchase tax as in Ulster.

Back across the river which runs into the Irish Sea, we drove along the coast

to the Grand Central Hotel for dinner and then home by winding roads through the country.

* * *

One of the oldest and one of the most historic churches I have ever preached in is the First Non-subscribing Presbyterian Church of Dunmurry. At one time it was the center of liberal religion for all of Northern Ireland. Under the able leadership of the Rev. John McCleery it is increasingly becoming an influential institution. Perhaps some of my readers may remember John McCleery, for he spent a year here in theological study at Meadville in the University of Chicago. He was often in our Peoples Church and in my home. His father was an Irish minister before him and after his studies were completed he returned to Ireland and is devoting his life to the cause of freedom and liberality in religion.

The church is a plain stone building, typical of the period in which it was built, but projects solidarity and permanency. The high pulpit in the center of the church, the old-fashioned box pews, the gallery extending around three sides of the sanctuary, the atmosphere of history and the spirit of worship which pervades the church make it for me always an experience to stand in that high pulpit and preach. The congregation was most responsive and filled the church. After the service I stood a long time in front of the church and shook hands with the people. They welcomed me gladly with the warmth of an old friendship, for I have spoken here several times and hope to do so again.

* * *

In the evening I preached in All Souls Church for the Rev. Dr. Arthur Agnew. Dr. Agnew will be recalled by many readers because he has occupied our pulpit in Chicago and left a lasting impression upon all who heard him. In many ways he is doing the most effective work for religious liberty and freedom being done anywhere in the British Isles. The former church of the congregation where I have spoken was completely destroyed by a bomb during the war. The congregation then amalgamated with All Souls congregation in Belfast, whose beautiful Gothic structure was not hit. Here he continues the great work started in York Street.

The church was packed, not because I was the preacher. It is always packed. The two fine congregations which I always have in Dunmurry and Belfast are not there because they happen to have a visitor in the pulpit, but both these churches are well filled each Sunday during the year.

Dr. Agnew and his physician wife, Dr. Isobel Caldwell, are two of the busiest people I know. They are the most gracious hosts one could ever have and though they are both extremely busy, they find time to do the many pleasant little things that mean so much to one a long ways from home.

* * *

A custom which seems to prevail in our Irish churches is one which I find most pleasant but difficult for me. The Saturday evening before I preached in Dunmurry, about twelve laymen of the church who were representative of the congregation and as fine a group of men as one would ever meet gathered at the minister's home to meet me and we talked far on into the night, something which I never do on a Saturday night at home. I never accept any social engagement and avoid speaking engagements as much as possible on Saturday evening. But my Saturday evening visit in Dunmurry was so interesting I did not mind it once, but I am sure I never could make it a habit. And then on Sunday evening after the service in All Souls, a tea was served, and

seated in the vestry were many of the leading members of the congregation as well as some distinguished visitors, and again the conversation; and the contacts were most inspiring and encouraging, but after the experience of the evening before and two preaching services, together with a dinner engagement after the first service, by the time the day was over I was quite tired. But one cannot help but appreciate the kindliness, the evidence of good will and appreciation which these dear people always give to me. I have grown to love them all.

* * *

Each time I have preached in Ireland in the past three years a group of young men who are architects and stuents have attended the services and have given me an opportunity of meeting them after the service. They indicate a renaissance in Irish culture and an alertness on the part of young people and a concern for the future. I had several interesting interviews with them. One of their main interests in meeting me was to learn more of Frank Lloyd Wright. They are active in their profession in Belfast and have great dreams for influencing the future architecture of Ireland. Their zeal, enthusiasm and ambition I am sure will bear results. I met student groups of this character in England and in Europe as well, and found the hopeful attitude that they are determined to create for themselves a future which shall not be jeopardized nor thwarted by war. I gloried in their idealism and their dreams and their hopes. To see this evidence on the part of youth is the most encouraging sign I found anywhere during the summer.

* * *

I left Ireland to resume my trip with a heart full of appreciation for the friendships I have made and for the kindness of those who made my sojourn so pleasant. As I sailed away from Larne to Stranraer, Scotland, on a beautiful Monday morning, I stood at the rail of the ship and saw the coast of Ireland grow dim in the distance. Like all who have ever known Ireland I said to myself, "I shall be coming back some day."

* * *

From Stranraer I went up to Newcastle on Tyne, not to preach but to visit one of the finest men, one of the most devoted pastors, one of the most eloquent preachers I have ever met—the Reverend Herbert Barnes. I have preached for him several times in the Church of the Divine Unity of Newcastle, but because the week which I could spend in northern England was the week in which occurred his own farewell service after a long and fruitful ministry, I declined his invitation to the pulpit. A farewell service belongs to the minister and to the minister alone, but I did want to see him, and to renew our friendship, so I went to Newcastle and spent two days with him.

The Reverend Herbert Barnes is a product of County Down in Northern Ireland. When Mrs. Bradley and Jimmie and I visited him many years ago it was the beginning of one of the most significant friendships of my life. His own beloved wife has passed on, but his son Abner is a successful lawyer in Newcastle on Tyne, and another son is rapidly developing a reputation as a fine physician and his daughter is happily married. I have known them through the years and it meant a great deal to me to be with Mr. Barnes for the two days and his friendship and his kindly and sympathetic understanding of my own loss was encouraging and helpful. His health has been somewhat impaired and he is retiring to a lovely little English home about twelve miles from Newcastle, where I hope to visit him next summer.

I was probably the last guest in his home at 123 Brighton Grove, Newcastle, where his family grew up and where he has spent so many pleasant times.

I shall never forget the two evenings which we spent in the Study and the kindness of his housekeeper and his son Abner. As he took me to my London train he said, "I shall be looking for you next summer and you will be my guest in the country." It would be worth crossing the Atlantic just to meet again one who has such a genial personality, such a fine mind, and such an understanding heart.

One afternoon when I was with him we drove into one of the poorer sections of Newcastle and, though he was not feeling well himself, he made several calls upon old people and sick people who had been in his church through the years. He has been a great pastor and may the rest of life for him be happy, as he remembers the happiness which he has brought into the lives of others.

* * *

I could not close my chat with you this month without expressing my appreciation for the fine congregations we have had ever since church opened this year. The services have been unusually well attended, the music has been superlative, and the spirit which permeates the entire church is better than I have ever known it. I hope that this will all be sustained, that my fortieth year may be the most effective year we shall have had together.

Because of many special notices and a quantity of Church News, the Mail Bag has been omitted for this month.

Do remember the Christmas Around the World programs at the Museum of Science and Industry from November 24 through December 9.

—E.W.S.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service—Opening Night, November 4th ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures—Opening Night, November 7th ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, Nov. 5th, Annual Donation Tea. Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Admission is by gift to the Bazaar, Anderson Hall ... 1.00 p.m.

Monday, Nov. 19th, Literature and Drama Department. Speaker, Nolie Mumey, M.D., Western Author and Poet, and Member of Fellowship Association of College of Surgeons. Exhibition Display ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Watch Church Calendar for announcement of next meeting ..... 8:00 p.m.

Men's Club—November 26th, Anderson Hall—watch Church Calendar for announcement ..... 8:00 p.m.

Annual Bazaar of The Peoples Church, November 8 and 9, Anderson Hall. All day Thursday and Friday. Home-cooked meals will be served. Luncheon on Thursday, 75c a plate. Dinner on Thursday and Friday evenings, $1.50. Dr. Bradley will officially open the Bazaar on Wednesday evening, November 7th, directly after the Opening Book Lecture.

Bring your family to dinner and do your Christmas shopping early at the Bazaar.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director—In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age)
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday night in the Church Auditorium .... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon ..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864—4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast from 11 to 12:30

"What 'Holiday' Missed About Chicago"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1951

OUR subject this morning, "What 'HOLIDAY' (the magazine) Missed About Chicago," from its contemporary character is one which normally I would choose to select for our Sunday evening service because in the Sunday evening service I usually discuss contemporary subjects. But because of the fact that our Sunday evening services do not open until the first Sunday evening in November, and because of the interest in the article and because of my concern about it, I have chosen to use it as a Sunday morning sermon subject—"What 'HOLIDAY' Missed About Chicago."

I think one of the finest virtues a human heart can know is the virtue of loyalty. And the primary reason why I am concerned—and I am not alone in the concern about this article—is because I feel a deep and ever-increasing loyalty to this city. I am in the 40th year of my ministry in one pulpit in this city. And this city and its people have been most kind to me. While I know all the cities of this continent rather intimately, and know rather closely the capital cities of Europe, I love this city the best. That would be of course a very natural relationship for me because of the long years in which I have been a part of it. I have tried, up to the limit of my own limitations to make what little contribution I could to the wellbeing of this city and the people who live in it. Here I have done my work. Here I have made my friends. Here I have had my home. Every interest which is the nearest and dearest to my life is interwoven in the personality of this city. Therefore when a great magazine of not only national but international prestige and circulation chooses to discuss the city of which we are a part and omits what I consider to be the most important thing in the city, then I think it is some concern of us all, and I think there is perfect justification in pointing out what one feels the magazine article has almost entirely missed about the City of Chicago.

The first address which I gave in the City of Newcastle-on-Tyne in England, way up in Northumberland on the Scottish frontier, was at a noon luncheon meeting in which two or three hundred business men and civic leaders and educators and clergymen of that area had gathered. The chairman was a very well known business man in the community and gave me a very gracious and comprehensive introduction before the address which I made at that occasion. But he had one thing to say that irritated me and being a guest, I couldn't let the irritation become too prominent; but neither could I dismiss it entirely. He said:

"You know our speaker today is from Chicago, and I feel that I owe you gentlemen a very great apology. You may be in very great danger because I didn't ask our speaker whether he was armed or not!" And then he made a reference again to the fact that I was a citizen of Chicago. And I don't mind telling you that in every address which I made this past summer, even in the churches where I preached, every Sunday, when I was introduced some reference was made, and some as-

persion cast upon the City of Chicago. There was no exception! A reference was made to our gangsters, our bandits, our crime, our racketeering, our poverty, our vice. Our entire personality was presented from that point of view. Then I saw this article—now I know that the magazine HOLIDAY is probably published for and mostly read by what the better type of literature would class as the "carriage trade," the people in the upper income bracket. Most people don't read HOLIDAY, haven't read this article, and never have seen the magazine, because primarily it is designed to present the faraway as well as the nearby places for recreation and for travel and a great many people find it from a financial point of view quite impossible and therefore they have only a casual interest in the magazine; and so we may be concerned unduly about the result of this article because it will not be read and not be analyzed by any vast numbers of people. That is only incidental, and not a very important part of this presentation.

The article on Chicago obviously attempted to cover—as indeed every article ought to do about a city or a person—the entire range of human interest. That it has successfully done from the angle of journalistic interest or of human interest from the point of view of our modern attitude toward life. The drama is there. The portrayal of the vividness, the glamor and the tragedy of the lives of people is all there. The photography is brilliant, interpretative, and presents with great fidelity the subject matter with which it is concerned. It is all there. Practically every angle of our city's life has been presented authoritatively by writers who know their fields. Obviously those who are behind the design and pattern of the article would turn almost automatically to Carl Sandburg—certainly if I were anticipating a literary presentation, that is, a presentation of our city on the basis of what constitutes good literature, the most famous of the Chicago school of writers, who is a product of Chicago, came out of that great creative period of literary achievement in our city in the '20's and has become a world figure in the field of literature—quite automatically one would turn to Carl Sandburg and they appropriately did so. Every great poet, every true poet presents a comparison of the realistic things about us against the background of the great intangibles of the human spirit. And in Mr. Sandburg's presentation in the introductory chapter on Chicago in the magazine he has done that as only he could do it. There is no one I know who could have done it better. He has indicated his capacity for an analytical breakdown of the reality of the soul of a city just as a great poet does with the soul of a person, and has done it adequately and admirably.

Then we have the products of the other writers magnificently accomplished. Probably the finest bit of writing in the entire article is the writing of one of the youngest of our modern interpreters of the human spirit, Mr. Nelson Algren. Nelson Algren does not go to the most attractive part of our city or to the wealthiest among us, but he breaks down and presents the tragedy, and consequently Mr. Algren turns to Skid Row and the shoddy areas of Chicago—North Clark Street, South State Street, West Madison Street—all a realistic, brutal and truthful presentation. No one can deny that. That article throbs with the heartache of the writer and with an understanding which is always essential for one who would analyze the tragedy of life. Nelson Algren is one of our greatest contemporary writers and he has given us a picture in all of its stark nakedness. He lays bare the

innumerable tragedies that stalk the city streets in which you and I live and has made a great contribution to that interpretation.

Mary Dougherty has done the same thing in the social field with several significant illustrations, and Mr. Halpern has done the same thing in the article of his portraying and analyzing the life of our city. The same thing was done by the distinguished columnist, Mr. Irving Kupcinet in his article on the cafe society life of our city in his portrayal of the gradations of man's social life even from the lowest level of society up to the very highest form called "cafe society." I never did know, though I have given it rather careful thought, just what that is and why it is called "cafe society" but whatever it is, it has been adequately described and comprehensively presented by Mr. Kupcinet.

We find the same authoritative writing from a man who does exactly what we would expect from him. Mr. Robert Casey, a friend of mine for many years, contributed to the article; Mr. Casey is a realist, is always interested in the elemental and the passions and the primitive, hates sham and hypocrisy and grafters and "phonies" with all the venom his own realistic soul can possibly muster; and he has given us the story of our gangsters and our politicians and the people interested in that aspect of our city's life will find it is done adequately. It could not have been done better.

Then we had one page from Mr. Robert Hutchins dealing with education and that was presented almost exclusively as an effort to present the University of Chicago's ideas in education, with no mention whatever or reference to any of the other of our educational institutions or colleges or universities in this city—a tragic omission.

There is an able analysis portraying the role which Chicago has played in the political activity of these past years, written by Col. McCormick, who has analyzed from his point of view authoritatively and adequately the contribution of the political life of our city.

Now all these things are adequate. I can find no fault with them. The sin of this article on Chicago is not the sin of commission, even though some of the photographs certainly would give a wrong interpretation to many people who do not know our city; but it is the sin of omission that concerns me. And what is that sin? And what is it that HOLIDAY missed and left out from my point of view so tragically? I know from the standpoint of creative writing the article is well done, but it ought to be the *whole* story and not merely the apparent conception of some modern journalists and writers and magazines and newspapers that the whole story is simply the tragedy and the story of the complete collapse and ridiculousness of human life; that the whole story is sin and vice; that the whole story is a portrayal of corruption and inadequacy; that any reference to these other values must be only slightly treated. The tragedy of the article on Bronzeville, for instance, in HOLIDAY, which is an effort of the writer to interpret the Negro population of our city, their life, their spirit, and their culture. We have over 350,000 Negroes in the City of Chicago, and the portrayal there is inadequate. There's a story, all right, and it is true, but it isn't all the story.

Now we are living in an age when evil is news and evil men are news, and evil nations are news; when evil has a certain attractiveness and a certain glamor about it and certain newspapers and magazines and sponsors in radio plays and television plays are suffering from the neurosis that people only want the sordid side of life; that nothing else has appeal; that goodness hasn't any

attraction or winsomeness; that there is no value in the superlative and in the excellent but only when the sordid things can be glamorized do you find human interest. And to write an article about the City of Chicago and leave out —and leave it out they did—the contribution of religion to the life of this city is a tragedy! And that is my protest. I know that it is the tendency of certain newspapers and certain magazines and certain editors, and others to stay away from what they call controversial subjects, such as religion. But the presentation of religion, from my point of view, and the basic common denominator which runs through all religion can be presented without hurting or trespassing or injuring anyone's religion. I don't know a single Roman Catholic Priest in the City of Chicago today who is standing up at his altar saying to his people "You can go out tomorrow and lie and steal and do everything that is bad." Do you? I don't know a single Protestant minister—fundamentalist, Baptist, Lutheran, or any of the 300 different denominations of the Protestant Church who will stand up in his pulpit at this moment and say to his people "You go out this week and be bad people." Do you? I don't know a single Jewish Rabbi or spiritual leader in the Jewish faith who will stand up today after sundown at the beginning of their High Holidays and all through this period and will speak to the thousands and thousands and thousands of Jewish people who will be assembled in their synagogues and temples all over the world and say to those people "You go out and kill and maim and destroy." I don't know a single religious personality whether Protestant or Jewish or Roman Catholic, standing for bad, unethical conduct in society. Do you? I don't know one. There may be a great variance in their theology. There may be a great difference in their philosophy. But the fundamental, undergirding principle of righteousness is in every pulpit, in every heart, in every church, in every synagogue, in every religion. There is a common denominator in religion and for anybody to stay away from religion because it is a controversial subject is adding to the difficulties of the world and to the agony of human hearts and solving nothing.

How anybody could conceive of an article on the City of Chicago and leave out the religious influence in this city is beyond me. I have shared for forty years an acquaintance with some of the great religious leaders in the life of this city, and to think not one reference, not one sentence is devoted to the greatest scholar who ever stood in a Chicago pulpit, who is remembered today by thousands and will be remembered for years to come for the magnificent intellectual and spiritual leadership of his great personality—and I speak of Dr. Emil J. Hirsch. The influence of that man hovers today throughout the entire fabric of our city. And a man whom I knew in the early days of my own ministry, who had such a profound influence upon my work, Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Abraham Lincoln Center. Not a word about Abraham Lincoln Center, which is continuing the quality and the interpretation of Jenkin Lloyd Jones to the real cultural and spiritual life of our city. Not a word about that wise, benevolent, gracious personality who stood in Central Music Hall and held this city in the palm of his hand. His great ministry—and I never go to Rosehill Cemetery that I do not walk over to the chapel and stand at the grave of David Swing—and the influence of David Swing hovers over this city today.

And what shall I say of that great tall Apollo, the Shakespeare of the English-speaking pulpit, who when I

was a boy there was none better, and as a little lad and a student I used to climb to the last row of the last balcony of the Auditorium Theatre on Sunday mornings to hear Frank W. Gunsaulus over and over again. Of the contribution that he has made to art and the musical life of the City of Chicago, not a word. Not a word about men like that. Sure, the politicians are all in and should be—men who have affected the political life of our city. Yet one of the greatest of them all, Governor Altgeld, is almost disregarded, in one sentence. And education takes half a page, the only half page!

In the face of the contribution that has been made by this kind of leadership in the City of Chicago, I think it is time that we re-thought some of our values in regard to what really constitutes some of the important elements of the Chicago spirit and the Chicago community. Not a word about the great modern contemporary activities in our city that are vitally influencing the people. It's all right, in the interest of the whole truth, to publish a picture of North Clark Street life. It's all right to publish a picture of some university students "carried away" with jazz; it's all right to publish the picture of Jimmy Durante (although what he has to do with Chicago I don't know); it's all right to publish the picture of Dave Garroway depicting a "new school" in television and to give him a quarter of a page.

It's all right. Perhaps that's a great story. But I should like to have seen a picture of Chicago Temple, with that cross. Not a line about the great work being done by Dr. Goff at Chicago Temple in this city. I should like to have seen some recognition given to Clifford Barnes and the work of the Sunday Evening Club throughout these years and what the Sunday Evening Club has meant to thousands of our citizens. Not a word about that. I should like to have seen some recognition given to Dr. Louis Mann and the great work which he has done in the life of our city. Not a word about Archbishop Quigley, another great influence in the spiritual life of the City of Chicago. Not a word about Cardinal Mundelein. Not a reference to the work of Cardinal Stritch. While the only reference to the religious life of the 350,000 Negroes of our city was a characterless and a not very attractive presentation of how the Negro expresses his own religious desires or feeling. I should like to have seen some attention paid to the work being done by Dr. Hustin, by Dr. Gates, and the great Dr. Evans. They represent the cultural and the spiritual victories and the hope of the Negro in our city. Not a word about that. Not a line, not a sentence.

It is the false conception that is the trouble with articles like that, in their refusal to deal with this fundamental religious situation. I know that we have gangsters. I am as familiar with them as anyone. I know we have the Cicero tragedy and I know we have the Moretti situation. I am as familiar with them as you are. But I tell you they are not the whole story.

I wish HOLIDAY would give us a supplementary chapter and I think HOLIDAY owes it to the people of Chicago to do so, and tell the fact that we have more young men studying for spiritual leadership in the metropolitan area of Chicago, in the Roman Catholic Church, in the Jewish faith, in the Protestant church, than any other area in the world. Did you know that? Well, we have. We have more young men studying for spiritual leadership in the City of Chicago today than any other area in the world. And when I told that at the Festival of Britain in London last July, they looked at me in perfect amazement.

We have three great universities—the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, and Loyola University—that have on their faculties more members who have received the Nobel Prize than any other educational institution in the world! Did HOLIDAY say anything about that? We had more books in circulation (and I speak somewhat officially because I happen to be Chairman of the Public Library Committee of the Chicago Public Library that selects and passes on every book that goes into the Chicago Public Library System)—we had more books in circulation last year than any other public library in the world! And if there is anybody here this morning from that Classic City of Boston or New York, make the best of it—it's true—more books in circulation than any other public library in the world! Did HOLIDAY say anything about that? And we had more people pass through the Art Institute of Chicago last year than any other art gallery in the world, not excepting the Louvre in Paris or the Tate Gallery in London! Did anyone tell you about that?

I know we are Wheat Stacker and Hog Butcher and Railroad Center of the world. I know we have the direst poverty and the most deplorable slums. I know that. But that isn't all I know. I know the greatness and the dignity of our city, predicating the assurance of a great future; and oh, if people who have the opportunities and the money would only make available the good things and the lovely things and the true things and the reality of things to the public, what a different city, what a different country, and what a different world!

Where do you get the idea that people who listen to radio and watch television are only interested in the cheap and the sordid and the ephemeral and the inane? Where do you get the idea that the infantile stupidity that we find in so much radio today is all there is and is what the public wants?

Not a single radio program by any Chicago sponsor on the air today, not one, that gives people inspiration and help and guidance. It is full of cheapness and shoddiness and superficial appeal, while the people are hungry and the people are tired; the people are bewildered. Never such an hour for religion, and the responsibility is upon those who can furnish it and the tragedy is upon those who reject it in the name of false conceptions of what people want. I think I know what people want.

I have spent forty years with people. I have shared with them their heartaches and seen their tragedies, their joys, their festivity. And people never wanted as they need today and as they want today inspiration, help, encouragement, guidance; and when a magazine has an opportunity to portray all of Chicago, it is a tragedy they missed so much!

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

THE day which we are soon to observe in the life of our nation is probably the most universal of all the holidays which we observe, to the extent that it is not centered around any particular military battle, or any particular day in the governmental history of the nation; it does not commemorate any birthday; it has none of the features or aspects that are associated with practically every other day which this nation observes. It is a day which has a universal appeal; a day in which each of us, no matter what our political loyalties might be, or our racial demarcation, or the color of our skin, can take part, for we are not conditioned by any of the things that are normally emphasized in many of our human relationships.

This day stands out as a universal day for being grateful, and gratitude is a universal attribute, so this day lends itself to the quality and character of unity on the part of the people. It is the only day perhaps in our national history where Roman Catholics and Jewish people and Protestant people can all unite together and can bring the lesson and the truth of the day without any interference or obstacle to the full appreciation of life at its best.

There is something very warm and intimate about Thanksgiving time. I think probably one of the chief reasons for that is to be found in the fact that with most of us the day centers around the home. No other place in the world seems right on Thanksgiving Day but our own home. And I suppose it is that warmth and that accumulation of memories that makes the day so sacred and so beautiful. I beg of you, if it is only a bowl of bread and milk that you eat, if it lacks all the qualities of a feast, have it with someone you love in the home. It belongs to a home.

Don't you think you could find someone on Thanksgiving Day who, perhaps, is a little lonely? Maybe it is going to be the first Thanksgiving Day without someone who meant much to them. Don't you think you know someone?

Let America on this Thanksgiving Day take stock of what it means to be grateful. There is so much need for love and beauty and goodness and truth in the world. There is not much time left for any of us. Let's express gratitude and love instead of hate—then we will have Thanksgiving.

Shopping Made Easy!

Thursday, November 8
Friday, November 9

Home Cooked Meals
Booths for Shopping
All In One Room

ANNUAL PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR

Come to luncheon Thursday and don't be late
You'll get a hot meal at seventy-five a plate.
Then Thursday and Friday you be thrifty,
For dinner is served at a dollar fifty!

A Chance to Do Your Christmas Shopping—EARLY!

Dr. Bradley will open the Bazaar Wednesday night, November 7th, after his Opening Book Lecture

Bring the whole family and enjoy dinner with your friends. Renew old acquaintances and make new ones.

Luncheon
Thursday only, 75c

Dinners
Thursday and Friday
$1.50
HOME COOKED FOOD

CHURCH NEWS

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The Sunday Evening Services will open for the 26th Season on Sunday, November 4th, at 7:00 o'clock. Preceding the Sunday Evening Services throughout the season concerts will be given by guest musical organizations. At the opening service the United States Steel Company Chorus of ninety voices will present a concert beginning at 6:30.

The Music Committee, of which Mrs. A. S. Kredler is Chairman, has arranged for concerts by the following musical groups during November:

November 4—United States Steel Company Chorus

November 11—Choir from the First Congregational Church of Lombard

November 18—Salvation Army Band

November 25—The Milwaukee Road Choral Club

* * *

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES

November 7th will be a very important and a very busy evening at The Peoples Church. It will be the Opening Night of Dr. Bradley's regular Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, now in their 19th Season.

At the close of this opening book lecture, Dr. Bradley will go downstairs to Anderson Hall of the Church and officially open the 40th Annual Bazaar of the Peoples Church.

* * *

OUR 40TH ANNUAL BAZAAR

The evening of November 7th, directly after the Opening Book Lecture for the season, Dr. Bradley will officially open the 40th Annual Bazaar of the Peoples Church.

July 7, 1912, Dr. Bradley preached the first sermon for The Peoples Church. In November of that year, the church held a Bazaar and it has held one every year since then.

Dr. Bradley's father, Mr. Robert M. Bradley, sent the twelve chickens from Linden, Michigan, that supplied the meat for the dinner served at that first Bazaar.

One of our members, Mrs. George Gairing, who is always present at the Annual Bazaar, was present at that first one, which was held in Arcola Hall, and she has not missed a Bazaar in all these forty years.

Twelve chickens would not go far toward serving the hundreds and hundreds of people who now attend the Bazaars, but it was a gala affair at Arcola Hall, back in 1912, and those twelve chickens were very important to the success of the evening.

Grace Thayer, the Corresponding Secretary of the Ladies Social Circle, was at that first Bazaar also. She had not yet become Mrs. Preston Bradley. Last year was the first Bazaar without Mrs. Bradley. This Bazaar will be the first one without Jimmie. When someone else spins the wheel of fortune, all will be thinking of Jimmie and how very much he always contributed to the success and the fun of the Bazaars.

Last year The Uptown Players made $600 from their booth at the Bazaar. Who will do their work this year?

There is much work to be done and much thought to be given to the success of this year's Bazaar. It is the 40th one and therefore it must be our very best!

Ideas come with thinking. Let your mind dwell on what your very best contribution to the Bazaar might be, and an idea will come we are sure.

Anything and everything salable will be acceptable and gratefully received.

Then plan to buy as many of your

Christmas gifts as possible at the Bazaar.

It's a grand time for visiting with friends, for entertaining them at dinner at the Bazaar and for enjoying two full evenings of fun and excitement.

Come to luncheon on Thursday, November 8th, and to dinner November 8th and 9th. Of course everyone plans to stay until midnight on the 9th.

* * *

MR. DEVENY'S GIFT

Mr. F. S. DeVeny, whose Chicago residence was in the Delaware Towers, has retired to his Farm Home in Bode, Iowa.

Mr. DeVeny was one of our most loyal radio listeners.

On disposing of the furniture of his beautiful apartment he presented the church with a mahogany library table which can be seen in the lobby of the church and which we are using as the sermon table.

Hundreds of friends have remarked on its beauty and it will remain as a most useful and beautiful reminder of Mr. DeVeny's interest in the church and the broadcasts.

Mr. DeVeny has the appreciation of the church for his kindly remembrance to us.

* * *

CITYWIDE COMMUNITY THANKSGIVING SERVICE

As has been the custom for many years, The Peoples Church will hold its Annual Community Thanksgiving Service on Thanksgiving morning, November 22nd, from 11 a.m. until 12 noon.

Uniting with us in the service will be the Country Church of the City (Granville Avenue Methodist), Mr. Benjamin W. Will, Pastor, the North Shore Kiwanis, the Uptown Lions Club and many other civic organizations. Reverend Will will assist in the service which will be broadcast by WJJD direct from the pulpit of the church.

* * *

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

"This Amazing Universe"

The prediction of accomplishment in the Church School this year is well on its way to becoming a reality.

Opening Sunday, the School used its Movie Projector and presented the picture *This Amazing Universe,* a very factual proof of a divine pattern in this universe.

Printed Bible Lessons

Bible lessons are being used this year to increase the meaning of the Keywords. These lessons are given out each Sunday on printed yellow sheets, which carry a fine picture of the church. The children take these home with them and they and their parents feel this is a real step forward in the curriculum.

The lesson readings for November are as follows:

Nov. 4—Loyalty—Daniel 3: 1 to 30, Nebuchadnezzar and the Fiery Furnace

Nov. 11—Patience—Job 1: 1 to 21, The trials of Job

Nov. 18—Thankfulness—St. Luke 17: 11 to 17, The Ten Lepers

Nov. 25—Duty—St. Luke 15:30 to 35, The Good Samaritan

Fashions in Aprons

Have you signed a Bazaar Friendship apron yet? Every time you do, you contribute 10c to the Bazaar. The aprons are presented to the women friends of the Church School without charge. The one who accepts an apron is then upon honor to do the very best she can for the School's Bazaar fund, in this manner. She goes to her friends and asks them to write their signature on her friendship apron. For this priv-

ilege and in friendship to the Sunday School they pay 10c to the owner of the apron. The owner of the apron then turns this money which she collects into the Bazaar Fund of the Church School.

The beauty of some of these aprons is surprising indeed. For many of the ladies are embroidering the signatures in various color designs and will doubtless start a new fashion fad in aprons in Uptown Chicago. Some ladies already have secured as many as 100 names on their aprons—THAT'S TEN DOLLARS FOR THE FUND!

Volunteer Choir Members

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chairman of the Music Committee of The Peoples Church, announced one morning in the Sunday School that there were places for more members in the Peoples Church Choir, and would some of the Sunday School members like to audition for membership. As a result the following are now members and sing in the Church Choir at the morning church services, proudly representing the Sunday School there: Anada Cosgrove, Paul Peters, Diane Havorka, Karl Speelman, Roger Chirpe.

Christmas Will Soon Be Here!

Mrs. Margaret Chirpe, who is being assisted by Anada Cosgrove, announces The Children's Choir started practicing Christmas Carols Sunday, October 28th, prior to Sunday School.

Mrs. Vera Swanson is starting to cast parts for the Christmas Play, for our Christmas Party.

Our Human Relations

Steve Lyter, the new Publicity Director of the Sunday School, with his family, entertained two children from the Protestant Child Haven on a recent Sunday. He suggests you try it if you really want to have an enjoyable experience. This is very close to the heart of the Church School, as their birthday money is contributed to the Protestant Child Haven.

The Church School is always glad to have visitors on Sunday morning.

Do you want a Bicycle? A Camera and Projector?

Mr. H. P. Hansen, a dear friend of the Church School, has donated a bicycle again this year! The School is procuring also a camera and projector. All of these are being sold, all proceeds to go to the Bazaar.

Social Events

Certainly the Church School is "on its toes." With the season so young, they have three important social events behind them which were each one a great success: For the first one, the Bazaar Barn Dance of September 28th, congratulations and gratitude are due the Church School Bazaar Chairman, Grete Foerster.

Next in line came the Annual Family Dinner, with its theme of "40th Anniversary" and Dr. Bradley as guest of honor. The entertainment was unusually fine and the turkey dinner of the best.

Last but not least of the fall events was the Hallowe'en Party on October 31st, with the Channing Club as hosts.

Is any church group more active than the Sunday School?

For the success of these three events and for all their kindly co-operation, the Church School is most grateful to its many friends and co-workers in The Peoples Church.

* * *

MEN'S CLUB

A good program can be counted on for the fourth Monday of each month at the Men's Club. Speakers are not always booked sufficiently in advance for their program to reach the study in time for the Liberalist announce-

ment. Again we suggest, watch the Church Calendar!

* * *

WOMAN'S CLUB

Donation Tea

On Monday, November 5th, at 1:00 o'clock, the Woman's Club will hold its Annual Donation Tea. Admission to the Tea is by gift on this day. The members and friends of the club and the church are invited to bring their donations for the Bazaar. Dr. Bradley will be Guest Speaker.

The Literature and Drama Department will have charge of the Monday, November 19th, meeting, which will be at 1:00 o'clock.

Dr. Nolie Mumey, Western Author and Poet and a Member of Fellowship Association of College of Surgeons will be the speaker. There will be an Exhibition Display at this meeting.

The Chairman is Mrs. Mark W. Bradway. The hostesses, Mrs. John Raven, Mrs. William Farnsworth, Mrs. Harold Bestorp, Miss Erna Radtke and Mrs. Mable Schneider.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Because the business women hold their meetings in the evening, and their Bazaar Donation night will be held on October 30th, due to the 7th, 8th and 9th being occupied with the Bazaar, then Thanksgiving activities occurring later in the month, it is possible there will be no November meeting. However, it will be well to watch the church calendar for any possible announcement later in the month.

BOOK CHATS

IN November we begin to think about Christmas, if we are wise. To really enjoy Christmas one must prepare well ahead of time. So for this month's book chats I have decided to begin to mention books which would be fitting to give as Christmas gifts. So often someone will write to me just the week before Christmas, or at the earliest two weeks before Christmas and say: "What would be a good book for my young nephew who is about to graduate from High School?" or will ask some other question about an appropriate book for someone they describe. Perhaps because of the events of the days so close to Christmas the letter does not get answered for a day or two, and there is delay because the mails are crowded. By the time the letter is answered possibly the book is out of stock and the young lad never does get the book intended for him. That is why I decided to begin mentioning good gift books in this November number of *The Liberalist*.

More and more have I come to feel that helpful and inspiring books are the ones to select for gifts. Such a book is Dr. Arnold A. Hutschnecker's "The Will to Live."

Dr. Hutschnecker is an experienced medical doctor with over twenty-five years' experience. He cites hundreds of actual cases treated by him and other physicians to demonstrate the emotional pathways that lead to illness. He is a graduate of the Friedrich Wilhelm

University of Berlin, and has practiced medicine in New York since 1936.

In speaking of the book *The Will To Live,* Francis P. Corrigan, M.D., F.A.C.S., LL. D., who has served since 1947 as political adviser on Latin America, U.S. Mission to the United Nations and is former Ambassador to Venezuela and other countries, has this to say: *A book that every intelligent layman could read with advantage to his own health and well-being. It clarifies fundamental problems that affect everyone.*

A general practitioner, Nestor Totero, M.D., staff-member, Fordham Hospital and Union Hospital, says: *Reads like a novel. Probably the best book of its kind ever written. It should be as good for general practitioners as for the layman.*

Dr. Hutschnecker shows how you can avoid illness by understanding the emotional upsets that produce them, and says *We cannot re-write the past. But we can modify the present. And we can re-shape the future.* The publishers say the book is a practical manual, written to help you—regardless of age, sex, economic status, or social standing—to *really work at living.* How often you hear a person say of his boss or colleague, *He makes me sick,* or *She gives me a pain.* The speaker would be astonished to learn that he has uttered a little-known scientific truth. He is probably only conscious of a headache. He doubtless does not realize that physical pain—even illness—is the *body's response* to emotion. It is as real as laughter when we are amused, or tears when we are sad. In our attitudes lie the seeds of happiness and health—or misery and disease.

Dr. Hutschnecker in his twenty-five years of practice can point to literally hundreds of cases that he has known; women who have developed tumors or tuberculosis because they were desperately unhappy; men who have chosen disease or even death in preference to failure. He demonstrates that not only do we ourselves decide when we shall be sick, but often *we choose* the disease which will afflict us.

The author tells us his book has grown out of the following beliefs: Mind and body are one. Their dynamic interaction can be understood only if we are willing to accept psychological principles with the same objectivity as we have learned to scrutinize psychological processes. . . . My greatest debt I owe to my patients. Their physical and emotional suffering made every single one a teacher. No better words were spoken to describe their contribution than those by Sir William Osler: *To study the phenomena of disease without books is to sail an uncharted sea, while to study books without patients is not to go to sea at all.* He opens the book with a chapter on *The Legion of the Tired* and closes it with one on *It Is Easier to Hate, but Healthier to Love.* This from a medical doctor sounds interesting. Such a book as *The Will to Live* cannot fail to be wise and helpful reading for any man or woman, and would prove an interesting gift.

* * *

There is always the friend for whom you select a book of poems. Do stop in at your favorite book shop or the book department of your favorite store and ask to see a copy of *The Delicate Harp* by Adelaide Love, published by The Dierkes Press of Chicago.

This little book of thirty-four beautiful poems is published in two editions—the popular edition and the de luxe, and is therefore within anyone's means to own.

Adelaide Love writes beautiful poetry. In our September *Liberalist* of 1946 I reviewed her book of poems entitled *The Star and the Leaf.* The poem

which gave that book its name was the inspiration for a sermon I preached on *The Star in the Mud.*

Adelaide Love was an accomplished singer before she entered upon her literary career. She was born in Massachusetts and was graduated from Smith College where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Soon after she married and now lives in Evanston, Illinois.

Mrs. Love has found in the affection, companionship and quiet beauty of her home inspiration for poems of universal appeal and understanding. Her poems sing of the rich, full life she has led, not as a colorful, erratic poet against the background of a pseudo Bohemianism, but they expressed the beautiful quiet strength and charm of the background of her life as a wife and as a mother.

Many of the finest literary critics and authoritative interpreters of great poetry have spoken enthusiastically about her work. She occupies a very high position indeed among American lyrists.

Her latest book of poems, *The Delicate Harp,* has these lines on its frontispiece:

"Come, harper, tune your delicate harp and sing
A song that, like faint silver of a wing
At dawn, lifts morningward!"

I shall quote here a few of the poems:

Flower on the Rocks

Crossing expanse of rock where bare cliffs tower,
I saw the soft face, lifted from a crack,
Of one small, solitary, yellow flower,
Twice beautiful for unexpected grace,
Almost incredible on that rough track,
Almost impossible in that harsh place;
Yet like so many blessings on man's head,
Unplumbed, unlooked for, unsolicited.

As A Gull

As a gull upon fathomless deeps,
As a star upon infinite space,
So man in his littleness rests
On immeasurable Grace.

Gently as snow on the hills,
Softly as dawn on the land,
On man's weary head so is laid
The Compassionate Hand.

Somewhere is His Home

I

Earth has no need of man, no need at all.
Though lesser creatures have particular place
And work in her routines, no duties fall
To him in proof that she esteems his race.
The insect that spreads pollen looms how great
Beside him in her eyes! As one apart,
He marks the projects of her vast estate,
Which thrive without his enterprise or art.
She is oblivious of this guest who leaves
A tardy little thimbleful of dust
As payment for what nurture he receives.
She pockets his scant token, since she must,
But, quick or dead, takes no account of man
Who neither can advance nor thwart her plan.

II

Since he is thus superfluous to earth,
Which, though it twist his pride, is wholly clear,
He may not claim through his terrestrial birth
To be true native son of this green sphere.
He lives a curious expatriate
Who dreams and toils amid indifference,
Knowing nostalgia strange and passionate
For other regions, other elements.
For somewhere is his home! Somewhere he is
Beloved and of high consequence; the lot
Of citizen of nowhere is not his
Nor any creature's. Since earth holds him not
Of import, be assured that he will live
To find the love these acres do not give.

Church Bells at Evening

Church bells at evening wafted far
To one who stands upon a hill
And gazes toward the sunset spire
Through distance luminous and still

Are as a seal of peace upon
His heart, a laying of God's hand
Upon him in the evening glow
Above the quiet land.

And now for the rest you must read them from the little book itself. But here are some of the poem titles which I

have not quoted: *The Faces of the Years; Peace; After Illness; Sister Ships; Parallel; The Commonplace; He Seeketh Thee; Matter of Logic; The Message; Atoms; So Dost Thou Come; Lazarus Within the Night; Cain; The Manger; A Song for Joseph; The Precious Gift; No Sweeter Thing;* and many others.

This book has more of a religious trend than her other books of poems.

I do suggest, as a gift for some friend or loved one for Christmas, Adelaide Love's latest book of poems, *The Delicate Harp,* published by The Dierkes Press.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

SEPTEMBER 16TH TO OCTOBER 15TH

SEPTEMBER

16—Opening service. 40th Year The Peoples Church. Two Christenings.

17—One funeral.

18—Address. Grand Ball Room, Palmer House. National Builders Hdwe. Assn.
Funeral.

21—Address. Twenty-Year Club of J. I. Case Co., Faust Hotel, Rockford, Ill. Hospital calls.

22—Wedding.

23—Two sermons. Peoples Church.
Greater Bethesda Baptist Church.

24—Meeting Chicago Public Library.
Opening address. Men's Club, Peoples Church.

25—Funeral.
Address. Centennial Observance, Y.M.C.A. Grand Ball Room, Sherman Hotel.

26—Funeral.
Address. Opening Luncheon. Woman's club. Wedgewood Room. Marshall Field's.
Funeral.

27—YMCA conference, Mr. J. Aldrich.
Christening.
Luncheon, Midland Authors' Club, Riccardo's Restaurant.
Farewell dinner for Major Nonnenbruch.

28—Sick calls.
Banquet, American Newspaper Assn. to Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz. Editor "La Prensa," in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

29—Wedding.

30—Two sermons,
Peoples Church.
Willard Memorial Meth. Church.

OCTOBER

1—Funeral.

2—Address. North Shore Kiwanis Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Address. Opening meeting, Professional and Business Woman's Club, Peoples Church.

3—Funeral.
Sick call.
Address. Service Award Dinner, Gary Steel Mills, Marquette Park Pavillion, Gary, Ind.

4—Two funerals.

5—Luncheon. Cliff Dwellers' Club.
Sitting for portrait. Baroness Wenner.
Address. Men's Club. Euclid Ave. Meth. Church, Oak Park, Ill.

6—Wedding.

7—Two sermons.
Peoples Church.
Portage Chapel, South Bend, Ind.

8—Address. Sherman Hotel. National Poultry, Butter and Egg Association Annual Luncheon.
Board Meeting, Chicago Public Library.

9—Address. Evanston Borrowed Time Club, Covenant Meth. Church, Evanston.
Sick calls.
Funeral.

10—English Speaking Union. Blackstone Hotel, Mayfair Room.
Sick calls.
Address, Marion Ave. Baptist Church, Aurora, Ill.

12—Two funerals.

13—Publishers' conference.
One wedding.

14—Two sermons,
Peoples Church.
Granville Ave. Methodist.

WEDDINGS

SEPTEMBER

22—Sara Tarantino and William Wever.

29—Gladys Rogers and Paul Van Loan.

OCTOBER

6—Adel Engman and Werner Johnson.

13—Miss T. Stephanie and Otto Kuenert.

CHRISTENINGS

SEPTEMBER

16—Charles Roy Lorenz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lorenz.
Lawrence Howard Larson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Larson.

23—Elizabeth Jane Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Young.

27—Thomas Lester Kochanski, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kochanski.

30—Bruce Lennart Fahlander, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lennart Fahlander.

OCTOBER

7—Douglas Hawthorn Bennett, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett.

FUNERALS

SEPTEMBER

17—Mrs. Isabella Mulke.

18—Oliver Cromwell Jones.

25—Mrs. Margaret Billie Henrich.

26—Thomas A. Lamond.
Clyde T. Hall.

OCTOBER

1—Fred Brand.

3—William Oakes.

4—Mathilde S. Haley.
Charles Bowen.

9—Lillie Haile.

12—Louis Dolson.
Anita Junghaene.

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